THE

# WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, January 26, 1801.

*Subſtance of the moſt intereſting Parts of the Travels of C. F. Damberger, a German, through the interior Parts of Africa, from the Cape of Good Hope to Morocco, between the Years 1781 and 1797.*

THESE travels exhibit, in a very intereſting point of view, the ſimple and unadorned narrative of the adventures of a man moſt eminently diſtinguiſhed by his courage, perſeverance, and good fortune. Of his determined reſolution to explore countries very imperfectly known, to encounter with fortitude the repeated attacks of hunger, and face death in its moſt formidable forms, our readers will find numerous inſtances in this abridgment.

He differs, in many parts of his narrative, from Vaillant, Mungo Park, and others who have explored the ſame regions. But he appears to do it with candour, and when he finds their accounts ſuch as his own experience confirmed, he gives them due credit for their information, and makes the neceſſary allowance for the miſtakes into which all travellers are liable to fall.

From the whole of his account it is manifeſt, that, in conſequence of the prevalence of the ſlave-trade, the very name of a CHRISTIAN is deteſted in Africa. Damberger was frequently obliged to deny his country and his religion, in order to preſerve his life. Againſt the Portugueſe the Africans entertained a moſt particular averſion; and to be known to be one of that nation would be followed by immediate death. The contraſt between the treatment received by the

author from the different deſcriptions of people he met with in Africa is very ſtriking; ſome ſhewed him the moſt friendly attention, and adminiſtered every comfort they could beſtow; from others he experienced the moſt unfeeling treatment, and every indignity and cruelty that inhumanity could dictate or tyranny inflict.

Our intelligent traveller informs us, that on the 2d of June, 1781, he enliſted at Amſterdam in a regiment belonging to the Dutch Eaſt India Company, and engaged himſelf as a ſoldier for ſeven years. On the 16th of June following himſelf and a number of other ſoldiers embarked for Batavia, in a ſhip called the Morning Star.

They arrived at St. Jago on the 16th of July, and paſſed the Line on the 4th of Auguſt. At this time, ſays M. Damberger, "diſeaſes began to prevail among the crew: on the 20th of Auguſt three had already died, and one hundred and twenty-one were ſick, moſt of them being attacked with the ſcurvy and a malignant fever. I too had a ſevere attack of the ſcurvy; but ſoon began to recover. On the 19th of September we eſpied the Cape of Good Hope, and came to anchor on the 21ſt. It was with much difficulty that our Captain obtained permiſſion to continue in the road; as the phyſicians of the Cape maintained that we had an infectious diſeaſe on board, and therefore ought to land at the Rye-Iſland, which is nine miles diſtant from the Cape. We actually lay two days at anchor before freſh proviſions were allowed to be brought to us from the town; and had not our Captain ventured to go on ſhore without leave, and repreſented to the Governor the urgent neceſſity of affording us ſome relief, we ſhould probably have ſuffered much inconvenience and diſtreſs, though ſo near land. Now, however, they ſent us a ſufficient ſupply of refreſhments, and even received our ſick into an hoſpital. I myſelf was ordered to be taken to the hoſpital, having been a ſecond time attacked by the ſcurvy: as ſoon as we reached the ſhore, we were carried by the Company's ſlaves in chairs to the hoſpital. The number of the ſick brought from the ſhip amounted to eighty-four: here they likewiſe interred two, who had died the preceding day before we came to an anchor.

"The old ſailors had indeed frequently given us a melancholy account of the wretched treatment of the ſick in the hoſpitals at the Cape; but we found not only that, and every thing elſe, worſe than we had expected. On being received into the hoſpital each of us was allowed a coarſe woollen coverlid,

verlid, ſuch as are uſed for horſes, which ſwarmed with vermin; and a wretched matraſs, ſtuffed with wool, to lie on.

"Each of the ſick is, without diſtinction, allowed twelve ounces of bread, half a pound of meat, and a pint of barley or rice broth; the attendants take for themſelves the portion of ſuch as from weakneſs are able to eat little or nothing: thoſe who are reduced to extreme weakneſs live almoſt entirely upon tea.—If the patient be ſo far reſtored as to require only better food and freſh air to effect a perfect cure, the enjoyment thereof is frequently denied him; and he only is allowed more liberty, when he is able to bribe the attendants. The diet is the ſame throughout the year, the only variation being with reſpect to the fleſh-meat; viz. mutton four times, and beef three times a week; but theſe are of a very bad quality, and ſometimes quite uneatable, appearing quite black from its having been cooked in iron pots.

"If any one of the ſick die, he is laid in the ſame ſtate he died in, clothed or naked, upon a bier covered with cloth, and carried away by four ſlaves, who have orders to bury him: but as no overſeer goes along with them, it often happens that they throw the corpſe either among buſhes or into a ditch, to ſave themſelves the trouble of digging a grave. Thoſe who recover, muſt either do duty at the guard-houſe, or if any Dutch ſhip happens to be at anchor, they are put on board to be conveyed to their place of deſtination. I lay four weeks in the hoſpital, was then removed to the guard-houſe, and was, after fourteen days, ſelected by M. Brand, and taken to the poſt over which he had the command, in Falſe-Bay.*

"At Falſe-Bay I remained a year, and had various kinds of labour to execute, and among others the following: If ſhips arrived, I aſſiſted in loading and unloading them; when the ſhips were gone, I was obliged to cut wood in the mountains, to procure ſtones from the rocks, and the like. But all this did not laſt long; I was promoted to another poſt, on the following occaſion. My maſter's houſe-ſteward, Rapeh by name, a taylor, and native of Bremen, an honeſt worthy man, but given to drunkenneſs, had once ſo intoxicated himſelf, that he was utterly incapable of executing the duties of his office; which conſiſted in attending upon the foreign gueſts: and at that time there happened to be a great deal to



* M. Brand, my maſter, had the ſuperintendance over the whole poſt, and held here the rank of a Captain; and he was likewiſe in the town Preſident of the Council of Burghers.

do, as ſome Engliſh ſhip lay at anchor, and the officers had come aſhore to my maſter's houſe. His ſon accordingly fetched me away from my work, and I was appointed houſe-ſteward in the ſtead of honeſt Rapeh, who had been already ſix years in the family. I was but badly qualified for my new employment: as I knew no other language but my mother-tongue, and therefore was not able to converſe with the ſtrangers, or to underſtand them when they called for any thing. Herein my maſter's ſon generally aſſiſted me, and by degrees I learned many phraſes of other languages; I had executed the duties of my office almoſt a year, to the entire ſatisfaction of my maſter and his children; but the miſtreſs of the houſe was not pleaſed with me, becauſe I was a man of few words; ſhe therefore on every occaſion endeavoured to throw obſtacles in my way; and even when I was ſitting quietly in my chamber, often ſaid to her huſband: "The German is certainly picking the vermin from his ſhirt, as he is ſo ſtill in his chamber: Manus (ſo ſhe called my predeceſſor Rapeh, his Chriſtian name being Hermannus) was a much better man; for he was at leaſt lively and converſable." Such ſpeeches cauſed me much vexation, and I ſpoke thereof to my maſter's ſon: but he as well as his father adviſed me not to make myſelf uneaſy on that account. My maſter had a houſe at Cape-town, whither he now removed, it being the ſeaſon of the year when no ſhips arrive in Falſe-bay: and he took his whole family and me likewiſe along with him. Here a ſeparate apartment was aſſigned me; and as I had very little domeſtic employment, my maſter gave me Dutch copies, that I might exerciſe myſelf in writing. His ſon acted the part of tutor, and corrected my errors. By theſe means I not only learned the firſt elements of writing, but likewiſe acquired the more intimate acquaintance with the Dutch language. My maſter expreſſed great ſatisfaction at my progreſs, and exhorted me to continue theſe exerciſes, that on ſome future occaſion he might be able to recommend me to a profitable place. In the ſequel, however, I found that he did not fulfil his promiſe; and on no other account but becauſe the miſtreſs of the houſe was inimical to me. My maſter had a great deal of buſineſs to tranſact: whatever was imported or exported paſſed through his hands; he was paymaſter of the troops ſtationed here; had the charge of forwarding the goods to other countries and quarters of the globe; and was in a manner the agent of the land-owners and coloniſts with reſpect to the foreign articles they purchaſed and the products they ſold. He kept

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two clerks, who were often obliged to work night and day, when many ſhips lay in the road; and he placed me in the counting-houſe as an aſſiſtant to them, to dictate to them the accounts and liſts which they were copying. I had now been two years in the ſervice of this family, and was on the whole ſatisfied with my lot. I laid hold of every opportunity to increaſe my ſtock of knowledge and cultivate my underſtanding: this induced my maſter to commit to me ſeveral affairs, which he uſed to execute himſelf: he gave me ſeveral ſmall accounts to write out, and my performance met with his approbation; nay, he even ordered me ſeveral times to diſtribute in the magazines of the Company the monthly rations to the ſervants of the Company, and to deliver to them rice, flour, cotton, and the like; and I had the good fortune to commit no miſtake."

*(To be continued.)*

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## *Memoirs of Wieland, the celebrated German Poet.*

*(Continued from Page 48.)*

THE moſt lively picture of the manner of living at our patriarch poet's houſe, is to be found in a book publiſhed a few months ago, and entitled, *Schattenriſſe meiner Erinnerungen von Offenbach, Weimar und Leipzig*, Leipzig, Graff, 1800; of which a tranſlation would undoubtedly be received with approbation by the Engliſh public. Theſe ſketches were written by the ſexagenary venerable German authoreſs, Sophia La Roche, Wieland's oldeſt friend and beloved, who in the ſummer of 1799 paid him a viſit at Offmannſtadt, and in that publication, eloquently deſcribes the ſcenes of her happy meeting, and ſojournment with the friend of her youth.

Wieland was born at Biberach, a ſmall Imperial free city in the circle of Suabia, where his father was chief Calviniſt paſtor. In his youth he was ſeized with religious enthuaſm; an almoſt unavoidable conſequence of the manner of his education, and of the extreme livelineſs of his imagination. His filial affection for his bigoted mother, who followed him to Weimar, kept him probably longer in this criſis, than otherwiſe would have happened. Some pious edifying burſts of this holy enthuſiaſm in the church ſtyle have been preſerved by him as memorials of his then temper of mind, and may now be read in the ſupplements to his works.

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At that time the pious poet Bodmer, with joy enlisted the young enthusiast under his biblico-poetic banner, and invited him into Switzerland. But soon his powerful genius irresistibly seized him, and raised him by rapid and splendid flights above the misty horizon of his master. Bodmer now with bitter affliction pronounced Wieland a fallen angel.

Our poet began his poem on the nature of things in his seventeenth year. His native city, Biberach, honoured him by appointing him a Director of the Chancery: but he soon became tired of his unpoetic office. It was the old Hamburgh poet Brokus, who gave the first impulse of poetic inspiration to Wieland, and, as I am told, likewise to Klopstock. In the library of Ossmannstadt an honourable place is assigned to this Adam of German poetry, and Wieland still points him out to his visitors with grateful respect. Two persons, who are most intimately connected with the history of Wieland's youth, had the greatest influence in completely developing and perfectionating the powers of his mind.

Julia Bondely, a beautiful lady of Bern, of one of the first families of that city, became the object of his love during his residence of five years in Switzerland, and, herself nurtured with the sweetest floscules of French and Italian poets, and bels-esprits, her honeyed mouth breathed into the soul of the fiery youth a strong inclination towards these heroes of literature, and first expelled religious enthusiasm from his breast. What Julia Bondely had begun, was completed by the Count Von Stadion, who at the time when Wieland was appointed Recorder of his native city, lived with princely splendour at Warthausen, a castle only a mile and a half distant from Biberach. Count Stadion had been Prime Minister to the Elector of Mentz, was an admirer of Voltaire and the encyclopædists, a man of various knowledge, polished manners, and possessing an exquisitely cultivated understanding. He conceived so great an affection for Wieland, that he could hardly live without him. Wieland had an apartment assigned to him in the Castle, and was almost daily at the Count's, who had an extensive library, and every necessary apparatus of literature, and rich fund of knowledge in his own mind. Here he conceived and collected the ideas for his *Agathon*, his *New Amadis*, his *Golden Mirror*, and most of the other poetic productions, by which he first excited the admiration of all Germany.

That our poet had raised himself to his present envied eminence merely by his own study and application, and by the strength of his genius, I need not inform those who have pe-

ruſed his earlier writings, where he ſo often and ſo feelingly complained of the ſevere conſtraint which his poetic muſe endured from unfavourable circumſtances; and in him we have an additional proof, that a great man is not a creature of circumſtances, but is formed by his own exertions and the culture and proper application of his own inherent powers. No one becomes a great man, without willing to become a great man.

Except the above mentioned verſatility in politics, which might perhaps be interpreted rather to his honour as a genuine coſmopolite, Wieland poſſeſſes an unchangeable firmneſs of opinion. This he proved againſt the violent impetus of the Kantian proſelytiſm, which left no man of literary diſtinction untempted, and, like an irreſiſtible hurricane, ſwept men and ſyſtems along with it.—Wieland's character is irreproachable, and his heart generous:—When Fichte was diſmiſſed from his profeſſorſhip at Jena, the noble-minded Wieland expreſſed his regard for him and his concern for his hard fate by the following exclamation: "On ſuch occaſions it vexes me that I am not a prince, that I might be able to offer a ſuitable penſion to ſo deſerving a man." This wiſh does the more honour to his heart, as he belonged to the party which oppoſed Fichte, whoſe philoſophy was odious to him, as being a texture of uſeleſs and noxious ſubtilties. With ſuch a heart, nothing excites his indignation ſo much, as to hear himſelf called the German Voltaire.

To the above particulars, I muſt add, that he is at preſent employed on a new work, "Ariſtippus," one half of which (in two 8vo. volumes, Leipzig, Goſchen) is already finiſhed and in the compoſition of which all the juvenile ſpirit of the poets ſeem again to have animated him. The philoſophy of Ariſtippus, ſo often miſunderſtood, always approved itſelf as the moſt proper to the inward conviction of Wieland; and already ſeveral years ago, he explained himſelf with great animation on this ſubject in his excellent *Annotations on Horace*, whoſe Satires and Epiſtles he tranſlated in a maſterly manner, and publiſhed in four volumes. It is eaſy, therefore, to repreſent to oneſelf, what a rich fund of experience and the philoſophy of life he has accumulated in this lateſt production of his philoſophic muſe. It has ſome ſimilarity to Barthelemy's *Voyage de jeune Anacharſis*; as it too tranſports us as by inchantment into Greece, and is founded entirely on true accounts tranſmitted to us in the Greech writers. But a creative poetical ſpirit, which is wanting in the work of the Frenchman pervades the whole. After Ariſtippus,

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the celebrated and here vindicated Lais acts a principal part in this epiſtolary correſpondence, for the whole conſiſts of letters ſuppoſed to have paſſed between Ariſtippus and his contemporaries. Wieland intended to write the hiſtory of his own mind. May it not happen to him in the execution of this excellent deſign, as to Lichtenberg, out of whoſe hand death ſnatched the pen, and cloſed the hiſtory of his life juſt as he was going to begin the hiſtory of his mind. But we have every reaſon to hope that Wieland will be more fortunate; he enjoys at the age of ſeventy as good a ſtate of health as formerly, and his genius ſtill blooms with the vigour of youth. For few things has he willed, which he has not ſooner or later put in execution; and herein, in my opinion, is ſhewn the true greatneſs of mind poſſeſſed by this eminent man, who always accurately knew both his own powers and the extent of his undertakings, and with perſevering diligence completed the deſigns he had once conceived.

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*Singular Ceremonies at Funerals among the Iriſh Mountaineers.*

ON the deceaſe of any perſon, the fire is inſtantly extinguiſhed, as ſymbolical of the extinction of life. If this event happens in ſpring or ſummer, flowers are gathered and ſtrewed around the body, which is laid out on a little ſtraw. It is covered to the chin with a ſheet, and the face remains bare. For two nights a large table is placed over the corpſe, with ten candles upon it; this is called the night-wake, and is emblematic of immortality. A baſon filled with cut tobacco, with a number of pipes, are placed for the accommodation of the neighbours, who throng to the houſe, fill it with the ſmoke of tobacco, and talk as gaily as if they were at a chriſtening. Nay, ſeveral of the young people join in ſuch amuſements as hunt the ſlipper, or blind man's buff; and even courtſhip makes no inconſiderable progreſs in this houſe of mourning. The cheerfulneſs of the viſitors is interrupted at intervals by the exclamations of the mourners.

A female orator begins this ceremony. She recites the former happineſs of the deceaſed; deplores his death in a kind of ſong, and is joined in different parts of this monody by a chorus of mourners: thoſe who feel leaſt are

ever the moſt noiſy, while the neareſt female relations prove, by their ſighs and tears, that their ſorrow is unaffected.

" Alternately they ſing, alternate flow
" Tho' obedient tears, melodious in their woe;
" While real ſorrow ſwells in each full heart,
" And nature ſpeaks at every pauſe of art."

This ancient cuſtom might excite riſibility in a mind unaccuſtomed to reflect or feel: but moſt people are melted by its ſolemn ſimplicity. It is difficult to ſee the geſtures of ſorrow exhibited by thoſe mourners, and to hear their ſweet plaintive voices, without ſympathiſing; and the writer of this account has on many ſuch occaſions felt the tear of ſenſibility bedew his cheek.

After theſe ceremonies the corpſe is carried on a bier to the place of interment, where the prieſt prays for the repoſe of the departed ſoul, and urges his hearers to give him money for praying the deceaſed out of purgatory. The credulous people have paid their clergy for this nonſenſical mummery for many ages, but ſome of the moſt intelligent among them are beginning to queſtion its efficacy, and it probably will ſoon be, " a tale of the times of old."

## A SOLUTION OF THE CAUSE OF RAIN.

[Tranſlated from the French.]

I Think it moſt probable (ſays the author) that rain originates from the concretion of certain humid particles of the atmoſphere, which continue united until the nadir atmoſphere is not of a ſufficient denſity to ſuſtain them, and their falling in different ſizes may be accounted for in ſeveral ways: 1. They fall in ſmall drops when the nadir atmoſphere is rarefied, or the centripetal power of the atmoſphere above is increaſed to a preponderating degree, and they fall in large drops when the nadir atmoſphere is very denſe, or the zenith atmoſphere is become conſiderably more rarefied than that below the cloud from which they iſſue, which cauſe the particles to continue circulating and uniting till they become of a ſufficient weight to bear them down: but I muſt be underſtood (ſays he) that it is not every opaque cloud we ſee that engenders theſe humid particles, for there are as

many ſorts of atmoſphere as there are variations of ſoil in the earth.

*Deal*, 1800. JOHN MERCER.

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## SUGAR A SUBSTITUTE FOR MALT.

*By* MR. J. NEILD, *of Altringham.*

TO half a load, or three Wincheſter buſhels, of good malt, I add 28lb. of good brown ſugar, which will make as much liquor, and of equal, if not ſuperior, ſtrength, as one load, or ſix buſhels of malt alone. Thoſe who are deſirous to try the plan, muſt obſerve the precaution, to brew their liquor from the malt, before the ſugar is introduced, and alſo to boil it in the uſual way with hops, only it will not be neceſſary to make uſe of the ſame quantity as when malt only is uſed, for weak liquor will diſſolve a greater quantity of bitter from the ſame quantity of hops than that which is already more fully ſaturated with ſugar. I alſo recommend the uſe of dry well-taſted ſugar; for heavy dark ſugar, or molaſſes, gives the ale an unpleaſant flavour.

The following ſtatement will ſhew the advantage of this method in point of expence:

Malt liquor brewed from malt alone,

| | £. | s. | d. | £. | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 load old malt, at - - | 3 | 12 | 0 | | | |
| 6lb. Wincheſter hops, at 3s 4d. | 1 | 0 | 0 | | | |
| | | | | 4 | 12 | 0 |
| Ditto, with the addition of ſugar, for the ſame quantity and ſtrength of liquor, be it more or leſs. | | | | | | |
| Half load malt, at 72s. | 1 | 16 | 0 | | | |
| 28lb. ſugar, at 64s. per cwt. | 0 | 16 | 0 | | | |
| 5 Ditto hops, at 3s. 4d. | 0 | 16 | 8 | | | |
| | | | | 3 | 8 | 8 |
| Saving of | | | £. | 1 | 3 | 4 |

The above proportion is as much as can be added to advantage, but the proportion may be varied at pleaſure. When the liquor is boiled with the hops, and the hops taken out, the ſugar muſt be added, and the liquor ſtirred up until diſſolved;

diſſolved; afterwards the liquor muſt be fermented, and treated in every other reſpect in the uſual way.

## THE PAINTER, PEDANTIC.

ALL profeſſions have a language of their own, and it is right that they ſhould have it. Every art and ſcience has ſomething peculiar to itſelf which cannot be expreſſed in common words. If the profeſſor has not had a liberal education, or his mind enlarged by general ſociety, he naturally uſes the language of his profeſſion for common purpoſes; this conſtitutes the pedant, a character eagerly ſeized by comic writers as a never failing ſource of ridicule; and ridiculous it is in a *general* view, though not only pardonable, but even meritorious with perſons of the ſame profeſſion, becauſe they equally uſe the language they find moſt expreſſive. With language is connected behaviour; a man who has been confined to the ſtudy of his profeſſion has his actions as much tinted with pedantry as his converſation.

The pedant of our old writers was moſt commonly the ſcholar, from whence a ſchoolmaſter and a pedant became almoſt ſynonymous terms; but the moderns, very properly, extend its ſignification to profeſſors of any ſort that cannot forget their calling. The pedantic doctor, lawyer, and ſoldier, have ſat for their portraits often, but the pedantic painter is as yet undrawn. The painter's behaviour and language are as much his own as other pedants, as unintelligible to all but painters, and as ridiculous when mixed with common life.

A lady of my acquaintance, at leaſt middle-aged, being frequently in company with a hiſtory-painter, generally found his eye ſtedfaſtly fixed on her face. This practice becoming offenſive, ſhe not having the leaſt inclination to return his paſſion, who

> " Gazed on the fair,
> " Which cauſed her care,"

that at laſt, leſt her virtue might be in danger, ſhe very properly acquainted her huſband with the matter; who, unwilling to quarrel with his friend, by degrees introduced the ſubject.

" What do you ſee ſo beautiful in my wife as to induce you to be always ſtaring at her?"

" Beautiful!" replied the painter, " ſhe has the meaneſt character of face I ever beheld—*all curved lines.*—I ſuppoſe ſhe won't *fit*, ſo I wanted to remember it as accurately as poſſible, for by *caricaturing a part or two*, her profile would *come in delightfully*, for one of the witches in my *deſign** for Macbeth."

I tell this ſtory the more willingly, becauſe I have known many inſtances of a poor painter being in ſuch a ſcrape, and all in the way of buſineſs.

" *Her face would paint divinely!*" ſaid another to a brother-profeſſor of the bruſh. The lady imperfectly hearing the exclamation, and knowing nothing of painter's language, underſtood it to mean that ſhe painted. This ſhe reſented ſo deeply as not only to refuſe *ſitting* herſelf, but was active to prevent others.

In fact, a painter looks at objects with ſo different an eye from the common, that a thouſand circumſtances engage his attention which others do not remark. He is arreſted in his walk as completely by looking at a winding road through a wood (of which Ruyſdale would make a *ſweet little bit*), as if ſome banditti had ſtood acroſs it; and if they had, it is odds but Salvator or Mortimer would have made them *come in finely*, and driven all the danger away. He looks at cows not for their beef or milk, but their *picturesque drawing*. A hovel caught the eye of a painter which had *the tints finely varied*; a country-fellow coming accidentally by, ſuppoſing that it was for want of ſomething better to look at, kindly adviſed him to go but a few ſteps, when he *might take* the Squire's new houſe, which was the fineſt in all the country.

The late Mr. B**** (ſo juſtly famed for his knowledge of deſign,) had often remarked in his neighbourhood a ruinous cottage, where the *lines came in as one could wiſh, and admitted a fine breadth of light and ſhadow*, made a drawing of it: while he was at work, an old woman came out to him, dropping many a curtſey—" I am very glad your honour is come to look at it yourſelf—I have told the ſteward over and over again, that the houſe would fall down about my ears; but he did not mind me.—I hope your honour will order it to be done up ſoon."

Sometimes a painter's adventures ſmack of danger. A brother artiſt was on a viſit to the above-named gentleman: a mill generally poſſeſſes *good parts*, and the water is *well broken*.

* The words in italics muſt be conſidered as painters' jargon.

*broken.* Such a one engaged his attention, and he was proceeding in his drawing very much to his ſatisfaction, when the miller, with a ſtout ſtick in his hand, made his approaches, and ſaluted him with—

" What are you doing, Mr. Gentleman ?"

" Making a drawing of your mill."

" Making a drawing ! To be ſure my old mill is a pretty thing *to take.*—No ! your buſineſs here is to peep at my windows, and ſee whe'er I ben't undercharged in the number.—Set off directly !—if ever I catch you here again," &c.

This was bad enough to be ſure, but his ſituation was preferable to that of another artiſt, who was nearly being ſent to the county gaol for being caught upon the coaſt in company with his port-folio, in the time of the late ſloat-panic.

So true is it, as theſe inſtances prove, that a painter's behaviour and language, when his art is the ſubject, is as pedantic as the ſcholar's, and unintelligible to all but his own profeſſion.

W. J.

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## *On the Happineſs of the Matrimonial State.*

THE moſt ſacred alliance into which two human beings can poſſibly enter, has been ſo often aſſailed by the ſarcaſtic intemperance of ridicule, that I conſider it no undelightful taſk to reſcue it from ſuch unmeaning obloquy, and deſcribe the enviable, though ſecret ſprings of comfort, to which at all times connubial confidence may have recourſe. I will venture to aſſert, from fact, that the moſt ferocious nature may be ſoothed into tranquillity by the endearing exertions of feminine tenderneſs; and whence can a man extract more genuine felicity than from the cordial ſmile, or beaming eye, of a ſenſible and beloved woman, united not only to him, but to his very life and fortunes, by the immediate hand of Heaven itſelf ?

We muſt not hope to experience in wedlock thoſe elevated raptures, too exquiſite for duration, which refined the firſt delicious moments of courtſhip ; to expect the continual ſucceſſion, much leſs a perpetuity, of ſuch ſublime pleaſure, would be to aſpire to the beautified union of ſpirits, emparadiſed in eternal bliſs, and removed from all ſublunary embarraſſment and imperfection. On this account I believe that more young and ſuſceptible minds, inflated with ex-

travagant

travagant ideas, and rendered " tremblingly alive all o'er" by a profuſion of exquiſite feelings, have been hurt by the bewitching and voluptuous ſentiments of a Sterne, or a Rouſſeau, than by the wanton immorality of a Rocheſter, or the licentious wit of a Congreve. They are led to conceive the married ſtate to be a " perpetual feaſt of nectar'd ſweets where no crude ſurfeit reigns;" not conſidering that every earthly tranſport has its allotted extent; and that the unavoidable evils of life will, ſooner or later, overtake the moſt rigid and unremitting precaution. Love is the gay ſunſhine without a cloud, in whoſe influence we revel in unlimited happineſs; wedlock is the friendly ſhade, ever open of acceſs, to which we may fly in the hour of calamity, and ſmile, in the embraces of ſocial ſympathy, at the turbulence of the paſſing ſtorm. During the violence of the intellectual tempeſt, where has the ſolitary bachelor, the penitent rake, or the profligate voluptuary who has exhauſted his ſtore of ſelfiſh riot, to ſeek for ſo certain, ſo conſolatory a ſhelter?

I was much pleaſed with a line of an old dramatic writer, who makes a perſonage in his play, on entering the door of a friend recently married, exclaim, " Methinks, I ſcent the air of bleſſings round this houſe!"—I am ſorry to think that none of the laſt, and few of the preſent age, have taken the opportunity of introducing ſcenes of amiable, domeſtic affection on the ſtage: we have Jealous Wives and Provoked Huſbands in abundance, but very trifling, indeed, are the theatrical examples of conjugal faith and harmony. It is too true, that in the higher and volatile regions of faſhion, thoſe charming effuſions of two united hearts, nearly angelical, are frequently eſteemed abſurd, and always inſipid; yet I am convinced there are many hearts of that complexion ſtill exiſting in the humbler circles of this kingdom, and that they would be ever awake to the impreſſion of dramatic portraits, delineated in a ſtyle ſimilar to their own private manners.

Every perſon has ſeen ſo much of the felicity which attends on wedded love, even in the cottage, that to deſcribe the innocent prattle of an infant family round the poor man's fire-ſide, and the finer ſenſations which the hope of their future welfare ſuppliies; or the calm enjoyment of a contented pair mellowing into mutual old age, and even amid infirmity, if not anguiſh, ſtill retentive of the more exhilarating vigour and conſtancy of their youth; would be to inſult, and tear the pulſe which plays livelieſt in the boſom of humanity. " *Felices ter et amplius, quos irrupta tenent copula!*"

*copula!*" formerly exclaimed the moſt devote, though wiſeſt diſciple of Epicurus. If a *heathen* could think ſo nobly of what, in his belief, had no divine ſanction; what then muſt *we* ſuppoſe of it, and how ſhould we venerate and honour, not ridicule and revile, a communion, which we are confident has its foundation in the very centre of our religious ſyſtem, and has been ſtamped by the expreſs ſignet of our GOD?

C.

## ANECDOTES OF THE LATE LORD ROKEBY.

THIS ſingular character entertained an idea, when the American war terminated, that the Bank of England would break during his life-time. He was ſo firmly convinced of it in his own mind, that it became a pretty conſtant topic with him; and, when he met with opponents, he defended it with ſuch ſtrength of argument as could not eaſily be reſiſted. One day the converſation on this ſubject ended in a ſingular wager, which was taken down in writing, purporting that the heirs and executors of Mr. Robinſon ſhould pay to the other party, an Alderman of Canterbury, the ſum of ten pounds, if the Bank did not break during the life-time of the former; and on the other hand, that the Alderman ſhould be ſimilarly bound to pay the ſum of ten pounds if the Bank did break in Mr. Rokeby's life-time. The proof was to depend on a Bank-note of ten pounds being offered at the Bank, and not producing in return ten pounds in ſpecie.

Every year added ſtrength to the ſingularity of Mr. Rokeby's opinion, and he maintained it as firmly as another on a philoſophical ſubject, which he defended with great vigour of mind, and, when paſt eighty years of age, ſupported by quotations from the claſſics, repeated with the utmoſt energy and claſſical taſte—the future deſtruction of the earth by fire. On this queſtion, he ſolicited no aid from the arguments ſometimes uſed in the pulpit on the ſame ſubject; for the path to his church was grown over, and his pew left to the ſame decay as his coach-houſe. Yet this circumſtance led to a trait in his character, which was better diſcovered by his own recital of the anecdote, than it can be by the pen of the writer.

A little time before the death of the Archbiſhop of Armagh, he made a viſit into Kent, to ſee his relations, and among them

them him who was to inherit his title. "The Archbiſhop told me," ſays Mr. Rokeby, "that he would dine with me on Saturday. I gave orders for dinner, &c. for my couſin, the Archbiſhop; but I never thought till he came, that the next day was Sunday. What was I to do? here was my couſin the Archbiſhop, and he muſt go to church, and there was no way to the church, and the chancel-door had been locked up for theſe thirty years, and my pew was certainly not fit for my couſin the Archbiſhop. I ſent off immediately to Hythe for the carpenters, and the joiners, and the drapers, and into the village for the labourers, the mowers, and the gravel-carters. All went to work, the path was mowed, the gravel was thrown on and rolled, a gate made for the church-yard, the chancel-door opened and cleaned, a new pew ſet up, well lined and ſtuffed, and cuſhioned; and the next day I walked by the ſide of my couſin, the Archbiſhop, to church, who found every thing right and proper: but I have not been to church ſince, I aſſure you."

In the year 1794, Mr. Rokeby became, by the death of the Archbiſhop of Armagh, Lord Rokeby; and it is natural to aſk what difference the title made in his manners? Preciſely none. He was now addreſſed by the title of Lord inſtead of Sir; and, as he uſed to ſay, they are both the ſame in the Latin. Yet the acceſſion to his title gave him rights in Ireland, and his letter to Lord Caſtlereagh ſhewed that he was not unworthy of them, and that if age and infirmities had preſented no obſtacles, the Iriſh Houſe of Lords would have been dignified by the preſence of a man who aſſumed for his motto, on this occaſion, what he really poſſeſſed in his heart,—independence.

In perſon Lord Rokeby was a venerable man with a long beard, ſallow complexion, furrows on his forehead, the traces of deep thinking, fore part of the head bald, from the hinder flowing long and lank locks of white hair, a white or blue flannel coat and waiſtcoat, and breeches, worſted ſtockings, and ſhoes tied with black ſtrings. The ruffles at his wriſt, and the frill ſewed to his waiſtcoat, were the only linen about him. His body was rather bent, but till he was near his end, his pace was firm, and he was ſeen walking in this manner from his houſe to Hythe or back, or, which was more gratifying to his friends, when they firſt caught a view of the houſe, walking up and down the pavement before his door.

## *On* HUMAN LIFE.

LIFE, through all its varieties, preſents many noble rewards, many worthy incitements to rational hope, and virtuous perſeverance. The man of gloomy fancy, whatever be his talents, is as incapable of forming a juſt idea of the moral nature of things as he whoſe viſual orb is quenched would prove in attempting to deſcribe the colours of the phyſical world. Man, in a great meaſure, creates his own happineſs or miſery, by his own wiſe or imprudent conduct; and the moral atmoſphere around us can, for any length of time, be clouded by vice alone, and may be preſerved in almoſt perpetual ſun-ſhine, by the cultivation of benevolent affections, and by the firm tenor of the moſt honourable exertions.

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## DESCRIPTION *of the* PERSON *of* BONAPARTE.

HIS hair is of a dark brown colour, cut ſhort, and without powder; forehead high, narrow, conformably to the ſhape of his head, which is much compreſſed at the ſides; eye-brows thin, arched a little, and low; eyes large, of a dark grey colour, well formed, but dull and languid, which, together with the yellow hue of his brown ſkin, gives an appearance of a perſon labouring under an hepatic affection; noſe large, regular, approaching to the Grecian; upper lip very ſhort, and turned up a little at its extremity; mouth large; lips thin, pallid; diſtance very long from the upper lip to the apex of the chin, which projects a little, and is ſlightly dimpled; his countenance is rather expreſſive of mildneſs and languor than of heroiſm and animation; his ſtature cannot much exceed five feet ſix inches; he is thin but muſcular, and well proportioned; however, his neck is ſhort, and his cheſt very narrow; he dreſſes uſually in the Engliſh faſhion, wearing all day pantaloons and boots.

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*Anſwer, by R. Trewavas, of Mouſehole, to C. Heath's Rebus, inſerted April 7.*

YOUR gallant hero ancient records tell,
With his fam'd army near to Sparta fell;
To prove his valour 'gainſt the ſons of pride,
Brave LEONIDAS nobly fought and died.

*Anſwer, by Serjeant Whittle, of the Upway Volunteers, to R. Thomas's Rebus, inſerted November 10.*

ALL trembling at the *Bar* the culprit ſtands;
A *Ring* unites the pair in Hymen's bands;
Then add a *Ton*, which cheers the jovial crew,
And gallant BARRINGTON will riſe to view.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; J. Bulgin, Caſtle Cary; W. Harris, jun. of Exeter; Serjeant Towning, of the Fivehead Volunteers; J. R. Toulmin; and Philom. of Teingmouth.

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*Anſwer, by W. Retallack, of Illogan, to W. Harris's Charade, inſerted November 17.*

REDRUTH's the Corniſh town you mean,
As in your charade's plainly ſeen.

[It is ſuppoſed that the town of Redruth derived its name from a reputable woman who reſided there, called Ruth, and who had remarkably red hair, from whence came Redruth.]

*** We have received the like anſwer from Serjeant Whittle, of the Upway Volunteers; Thomas Churchouſe, Yeovil; W. Brock, Evercreech; G. England, Uplyme; Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; J. Nionis, of St. Agnes; William Harris, H. H. R. Thomas, and William Gregory, of Exeter; J. H. of Plymouth Dock; J. W. of Plymouth; T. Webber, jun. of Tiverton; J. R. Toulmin; John Ball, jun. of Taunton; R. Maſſett, of Saltaſh; W. Chudleigh, Newton Bulhel; Primroſe, Weſt Coker; J. King, Kingſbridge; William Saunders, jun. of Loddilwell; E. T. S. G. Baker, and W. B. of Poole; W. Maddick, Rattery; J. Staples, Briſtol; R. Apps, St. Auſtell; R. Meager, Luxullion; T. Jarvis, Malborough; T. Tayler, Bridgewater; and R. Trewavas, of Mouſehole.

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*A* CHARADE, *by W. Bickham, Jun. of Aſhburton.*

JOLLY ſportſmen o'er the fields
Eagerly my firſt purſue,
Tranſitory pleaſure yields.
When ſhe bids the hounds adieu,
Bacchanalians homeward bend;
With my ſecond and a glaſs
All the evening they do ſpend,
And the hours unheeded paſs:
Both theſe parts aright combin'd
Will reveal an uſeful ſnare;
And in which the timid kind
Oftentimes entangled are.

# POETRY.

## EXTRACT *from* DR. TROTTER's MONODY *on the* DEATH *of* EARL HOWE.

ACCEPT, bleſt ſhade! while yet our tears complain,
This laſt ſad tribute, but no venal ſtrain:
Dear are the drops which mem'ry loves to ſhed,
Where friendly viſions paint the hallow'd dead.
How finely knit the kindred paſſions riſe,
Buoy up the ſoul, and bind us to the ſkies;
How fondly fancy ponders all the paſt,
Reviews each ſcene, and lingers o'er the laſt;
Till ſtruggling ſenſe, the pictur'd griefs impart,
And ſoft remembrance pours forth all the heart.
To yonder grave ſhe moves with wiſtful eyes,
And marks the turf where gallant Douglas lies:
Oh taught by theſe to earn the hero's name;
Like thine his lot, to ſwell the liſts of fame.
Juſt ſeen, his riſing ſtar diſclos'd its ray,
Blaz'd in its orb, then ſpeed to Heav'nly day.
No more freſh glories check a country's ſighs,
His ripen'd virtues early fought the ſkies;
So the kind genius of imperial Rome,
For ſongs of triumph ſtrew'd Marcellus' tomb.
Or haply bending to the weſtern wave,
She claims each warrior from his watry grave;
When ſea-born tribes their lov'd remains bedew,
And watch thy tomb, lamented Montague,
Or elſe where fame on ſounding pinions borne,
Wakes with her ſhouts the radiant bluſh of morn;
Bids round each brow the victor's garland twine,
And weaves freſh wreaths at Hutt's and Harvey's ſhrine.

## FATHERLESS FANNY.

*By Mrs.* OPIE.

KEEN and cold is the blaſt loudly whiſtling around,
As cold are the lips that once ſmil'd upon me;
And unyielding, alas! as this hard frozen ground,
The arms once ſo ready my ſhelter to be.
Both my parents are dead, and few friends I can boaſt,
But few to conſole, and to love me, if any;
And my gains are ſo ſmall, a bare pittance almoſt
Repays the exertions of fatherleſs Fanny!

Once, indeed, I with pleaſure and patience could toil,
But it was when my parents ſat by and approv'd;
Then my laces to ſell I went out with a ſmile,
Becauſe my fatigue fed the parents I lov'd:
And at night, when I brought them my hardly earn'd gains,
Tho' ſmall they might be, ſtill my comforts were many;

For

For my mother's fond bleſſing rewarded my pains,
My father ſtood watching to welcome his Fanny!

But, ah! now that I work, by their preſence uncheer'd,
I feel 'tis a hardſhip, indeed, to be poor;
While I ſhrink from fatigue, now no longer endear'd,
And ſigh as I knock at the wealthy man's door.
Then, alas! when at night I return to my home,
No longer I boaſt that my comforts are many;
To a ſilent, deſerted, dark dwelling I come,
Where no one exclaims, "Thou art welcome, my Fanny!"

That, that is the pang! want and toil would impart
No pang to my breaſt, if kind friends I could ſee;
For the wealth I require is that of the heart,
The ſmiles of affection are riches to me.
Then in pity, ye rich, when to you I apply
To purchaſe my goods, tho' you do not buy any,
With the accents of kindneſs, O deign to deny,
You'll comfort the heart of poor fatherleſs Fanny.

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## TO THE MOON.

SOFT ſoothing orb! beneath whoſe placid beam,
Reflection lives, with more awaken'd power;
Far from the reſtleſs haunts of pleaſure's dream,
With thee I ſhare the calm, inſtructive hour.

When the loud pomp of glittering day retires,
And ſinks to ſlumber in his golden bed,
How do I love to ſee thy gentler fires,
Around the ſtarry throne of evening ſpread.

The cottage roof no light but thine retains,
And weary toil forgets the hour of care;
Echo, reclines upon the ſilent plains,
And ſeems with me alone the world to ſhare.

Now, every claim to faithful memory dear,
Around the ſoften'd heart more firmly twines;
And as they riſe, the meliorated tear
To thee uplift, its guiltleſs charge reſigns.

Ah! never leſs alone, than while I ſeek
With her, each pure delight, each temper'd joy;
What revel gay, her cheering ſtrain could ſpeak?
What deſart drear, her magic ſmile deſtroy?

Still, as ſhe bids departed ſcenes ariſe,
On each lov'd friend ſincere, the mirror dwells—
The fervent prayer aſcends thy kindred ſkies,
The anxious thought more exquiſitely ſwells.

Soft, ſoothing orb! accept my grateful lays,
Still lull my griefs, mature each virtuous aim;
Search every thought, the lurking folly raze,
Nor leave a wiſh, that truth ſhould own with ſhame.

A SISTER.